

TRICKS OF CATTLE THIEVES

All sorts of ingenious ideas employed in the prosecution of their nefarious business.

Over at the Cross W ranch near Del Rio, Tex., a notice has been posted for the information of tenderfoot cowboys, describing the tricks of the cattle thief. The notice is in the form of a series of questions and answers as follows:

First—What is a maverick?
A maverick is a ten or twelve-month-old calf not marked or branded. The owner has not been able to find it during the roundup. Honest cowmen will brand it in the brand of its mother, but a swiper will put his own brand on it.

Second—What is a dogey?
A dogey is a calf whose mother has died through hunger or accident; the calf was young when the mother died and is consequently poor and scrawny. If such a calf is old enough to live it belongs to the man who owns the range on which it is found. But swipers think different.

Third—What is scalding brands?
To scald a brand is to make a brand look old. The way to scald a brand is to put a wet cloth on the animal where the hot brand is to be placed. The brand will show plain and the hair is not burned.

Fourth—What is soaking?

Soaking is to tie down one or more calves in a secluded spot where honest men seldom ride, and if the weather is dry and hot it will only take thirty-six hours in the hot sun to make any calf, and after they have been treated they will not hunt for their mother again. A calf treated in this manner shows the marks of the rope around its legs, but it cannot be made to own any mother, so what is one going to do in law? This method of soaking calves is the newest out.

Calf swipers formerly moved into a box canyon and built pastures in which to rear calves, but the calf would leave for its mother and call her up. Perhaps the owner would ride around the pasture and hear his cow bawling for her calf on the inside and return the calf to its mother. A swiper is too smooth for any court of justice in our country. If one gets caught you will see them coming from out of every canyon to swear to the swiper's good character.

Goddess of Liberty.
Ambitious girl—I am not satisfied to be dependent on my father for every cent I need. I wish to be independent.

Mother—Should you go to earning your own living, you would have to be the obedient servant of any employer you might have, always at his beck and call, always ready to do the bidding of your superiors, and having not an hour you could call your own. That would be horrid. I want to be independent of pa, but I'll call no man master, and I shall want my own way in everything.

That's easy. Get married.

Injured Pride.
Mrs. Curdgeoose was much offended, I'm told, by the sermon Dr. Pounders preached over the body of the late Mr. Curdgeoose.

"I understand the sermon was very enigmatical."

"So it was, but the preacher spoke of the deceased as one who had walked bravely through life's vale of sorrows and Mrs. Curdgeoose wishes to distinctly understand that neither she nor Mr. Curdgeoose has ever walked anywhere, having always had either carriage or motor cars at their disposal."

Sticker.
"I always did dislike men who have no ear for music," said one girl, "and now I dislike them more than ever. Charley Novergo called to see me yesterday evening. At eleven o'clock I went to the piano."

"And played 'Home, Sweet Home'?" said the other girl.

"Yes. First I played it as a ballad. He didn't move. Then I played it as a waltz, and next a polka, and then an ragtime."

"And what did he do?"

"He said, 'Gracious, Miss Jones, what a jolly lot of tunes you know! And all so different!'"

Not Altogether His Fault.
A colored man with a bad cut in his head came to a doctor. The doctor fixed him up, and as the man was about to depart, the physician said:

"That's a pretty bad cut in your head, Henry. Why don't you profit by this lesson and keep out of bad company in the future?"

"Well, I should like to, doctor," replied Henry sadly, "but I ain't got no money to get or divorce, you see."—*Applescott's.*

Perfectly Rational.
Visitor (to insane asylum)—What's that poor man's delusion?
Attendant—He thinks he's the Sultan of Turkey.

Visitor—But what is he so happy about?
Attendant—Why, because he's here!

—Puck.

And Is Hard to Get Rid Of.
Poverty is the greatest policeman of life.

How so?
Because it pinches people.

HUNTING THE HEIR

She Was Located and the Settling Proved a Fine Opening for a Hero.

By BRYANT C. ROGERS.

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In the pioneer days of a certain western state a man named Josiah Flint took up eighty acres of land. Thousands of other men took up land in the same state, but there was no particular occasion that the act of so doing should pass into history.

Josiah Flint could have taken up forest or prairie land—acres that would double in value in a year, but he passed them all by and selected the worst spot in four counties. A portion of it was a hill and the remainder a marsh. There wasn't even a decent site for a cabin on the entire claim. Josiah might raise huckleberries on his marsh and blackberries on his hill, but men said he could hope for nothing better. If he had any explanations as to why he selected such a claim they were lost as time went on. He and his family lived in his moving wagon for a few months and then passed on.

In ten years almost all the land in the county was settled up except Flint's hill and marsh. The nearest farmer opened a gravel pit at the base of the hill, and sold enough to pay the taxes each year, and constituted himself the agent of the absent. The county wanted to drain the swamp and to cut roads, but no one could find Josiah Flint. The only information was that he had gone further west.

By and by, in the village that had grown up two miles away, there came to be such a thing as a real estate office. It was furnished with two chairs, a table, a Bible and Deacon Hardy. The deacon was one of the first settlers and a good man.

In connection with the real estate office was a department for the sale of Bibles and hymn books, and where one might subscribe for a Sunday school paper or donate any sum he chose to the welfare of the heathen of Africa.

There was another department devoted to the sale of garden seeds and roots and barks, and in this department a keg of root beer was always kept on tap. Every caller was invited to drink whether he bought land or not. And lastly the deacon's wife held herself ready to take orders six days a week for mottoes of: "No Place Like Home," at very reasonable prices and money back if you were not suited.

With all these departments in full swing the deacon ought to have been a money-maker, but he wasn't. Why he wasn't was a matter that worried him a long time and was still worrying when his wife said to him one evening:

"Josiah, you are honest and truthful and conscientious!"

"I try to be, Martha," was his reply. "There are lots of other men who are not as you are."

"Yes, and I feel to pity 'em."

"I don't think you need to. They are getting new houses and barns, fine houses and planters, and we are right where we was!"

"Yes," sighed Josiah.

"And I've thought it all over, and I think I know what is the matter."

"I hope you do. I didn't hardly earn my salt this last year."

"You are too good."

"Can a feller be too good?"

"He can, and you are a living example of it. You've got to get the big end of the bargain."

"But the Bible commands—"

"I know it does, but you've got to take your chances, same as the rest. They are trading and selling spavined horses and holler-horn cows right along and expecting to go to heaven when they die."

"I've been thinking it over, too," said the deacon, "but I dunno—I dunno. I want to soar away on golden wings when my time comes, but I'll be snuffed if I want to live the rest of my life in this tumble old log house, and eat Johnny-cake and fried salt pork three times a day."

The deacon was waiting for an opportunity to be less good when a keen-eyed young man of twenty-two blew into the village. His horse town was fifty miles away, and he wasn't saying why he left it. After hanging about for four or five days and taking long walks out into the country he entered Deacon Hardy's real estate office one afternoon and hung a chunk of marble on the table and asked:

"Do you know what that is?"

"Looks kinder like marble," was the reply after inspection.

"Kinder like? Why, man alive, it's marble for sure. And maybe you can tell what this is."

"It's some kind of ale."

"You bet it is, and it's a kind worth money! It's pest. And what is that?"

"I should say it was clay."

"And you'd hit it. Fines kind of potter's clay. And what's this?"

"More clay."

"You've hit it again. It's brickmaker's clay and as smooth as silk. Once, what's this?"

"There's sand and there's gravel."

"Good guesser. And where did all this come from?"

"Dunno."

"Well, it's no wonder that all the flies in Benson county gather on you in the summer! Say, you haven't as much getup about you as a billed horse!"

"I don't know why you talk to me that way," stilly said the deacon.

"It's because you've had a fortune within your grasp for years, and was too much of a mossback to know it!"

Oh! man, what a snap you've walked over!"

"Did you get that stuff around here?"

"Almost under your nose! Let's have a talk."

The talk resulted in a partnership. They were to buy the Josiah Flint hill and marsh and develop the minerals, coal and other things. The deacon had laid by some money in his better days. He was besides, the only man in the county who knew anything about Flint.

He knew that he had gone to Kansas, and that he and his wife had died leaving a young girl behind them. The girl must be of age by then. She must have had a guardian, but he had never made a move about the real estate.

The young man, whose name was Edward Sweeney, was to go to Kansas and hunt up Miss Sarah Flint and stick right to her until she accepted an offer. Then Hardy and Sweeney were to buy it.

"What's it worth?" asked the deacon.

"A hundred thousand, at least," replied Sweeney.

"And what do you think we can get it for?"

"I think I'll jump at a thousand."

The deacon chuckled. Then he sighed. Then he groaned. Then he went home and said to his wife:

"Martha, if men and another feller can get the old Flint place for \$500 apiece, and make over \$40,000 apiece out of it, do you think it would be wicked?"

"I should call it good bargaining," she replied.

"It wouldn't be laid up again me?"

"Look a-here, deacon, they used to raise a heap of cattle, sheep and asses in Biblical days, didn't they?"

"They did."

"And they sold a heap of 'em?"

"They must have."

"Well, do you reckon anybody sold below the market price? Don't you think they sold way above it when they got a chance?"

"I should say they did."

"Of course they did, and there isn't a word of criticism in the Bible about it."

"Ought we to tell the gal what has been discovered on the place?"

"Does a merchant tell us what his halibut cost him a yard, and ain't they dying and going to heaven every day?"

The deacon's conscience felt fairly after that, and young Sweeney started out to find the heir. Luck was with him. He had located her whereabouts and was approaching the house where she lived when he beheld her coming towards him on a runaway horse.

There was a fine opening for a hero, and he grasped it. He caught the horse and saved Sarah's life and had a leg broken. A hero is a hero in every state and county of our glorious Union. When he has a leg broken in playing his part he is taken to the house where the heroine hangs out and given the hall bedroom until he can once more jump fences. This case was no exception. Love came and a marriage came, according to program.

One day Deacon Hardy got a letter with the Kansas postmark. He read it and took it home and laid it before his wife.

"He says he has found the heiress," she read.

"Yep."

"He says he saved her life."

"Yep."

"He says they are married."

"Yep."

"And therefore he's the owner of the Flint place and don't care about taking it in a partner. Deacon Hardy, did you have any partnership papers drawn up so that you can hold him?"

"No."

"Well, you ain't a fool! You are just a good man who is going to heaven like a streak of greased lightning when he dies, and if I'm left behind you'll forward your fried pork and johnny-cake by the first express!"

Hudson River Shad.

You may have noticed that your shad this year was white and tasteless and far from the fish upon which you doted in your childhood. For once you are right. It is not that you are growing old, but that the best shad in the business, those from our own Hudson river, have passed out.

Last winter the shad fishermen put out their nets as usual. But nothing happened. The shad is a temperamental beast, and it was thought at first that a change in weather would bring him around. But wintry spring came and went without results. And now the oldest fishermen are selling out and moving to other waters.

Just why the thistle of the fish family has taken a sudden dislike to his old haunts every one is at liberty to guess. Probably the fact that each year the Hudson is becoming more like a sewer and less like a river has something to do with the case.

At any rate, here passes a really famous institution. What a pleasure it would be in future years to shake our heads before the younger generation and sigh over the decadent shad of a degenerate age!—New York Tribune.

Pen and Sword.

In some parts of Ireland it is a custom among bank clerks to speak of one another as "officers" of the bank, but little Jim Bender, the recently imported cockney waiter in a County Mayo hotel was not aware of this custom, relates the Saturday Journal.

"Have you seen any of our officers here this morning?" asked a lordly knight of the quill of Jim a few days ago.

Jim glanced keenly at his interrogator.

"Yussir," he answered promptly; "it isn't three minutes ago since one of 'em went out with his sword behind his ear!"

LARGE CITY MARKETS

Hucksters, Grocers and Fruit Growers Have Place.

Early Opening of Place is Advantageous to Growers, as it Allows Them to Dispose of Their Produce Promptly.

A city market is a very interesting place to visit, from several points of view. The description of one in a city of 150,000 inhabitants is here given. From three hundred to seven hundred wagons are at this market every morning. The market covers ten acres. The land is divided into "streets," which are cement walks along which the wagons are backed. These streets are divided into stalls, which are seven feet wide; there are marks on the cement where the wagon wheels must be. By placing the wagons properly, in this way, it allows a passageway between the wagons. Every class of growers and every class of buyers has a place of its own. The hucksters, grocers, fruit growers and truck growers each have a place, and each must stay on its own street. A grower is allowed, however, to bring both fruit and vegetables. A rental is charged for the stalls, the renter who pays so much a year having his permanent place. Part of the stalls are covered and these, being the more desirable, bring a larger price than the open stalls.

All fees and rents go into the city treasury. The receipts for five months last year were: April, \$2,253.90; May, \$1,046.50; June, \$1,796.95; July, \$901.75; August, \$1,028.95. The money for the salaries of those who have charge of the market, and other expenses, is appropriated out of the city treasury. As these expenses do not equal the receipts, the city makes a nice little profit.

The market opens at four o'clock in the morning, and most of the wholesale sales are made before 6:30. This is an advantage to the growers, because it allows them to dispose of their produce promptly. The wagons begin to arrive on the market soon after midnight.

The fruit and vegetables usually are in excellent condition, for they are picked the afternoon before. The early market is mostly a wholesale proposition. Some fruit and vegetable

He left the little old town, one day, To pursue success and to win renown; The seasons passed in too dull a way To give him joy in the little old town; In the little old town the streets were wide

And the buildings low and pleasant cheap, And he pined those who were satisfied To stay where the people were half asleep.

He left the little old town to win The large rewards that to worth belong. To add to the city's increasing din, To try his powers among the strong, And he proudly thought, as he turned to go, At the little old town in its peacefulness Of a distant glorious day of days When he would return, having claimed success.

He thought of the villagers doing there, Of ambition's persuasive call, Content because they were free from care, To claim rewards that were few and small, And he thought of a girl whose eyes were wet When, wishing him well, she said good-by.

But he hurried away, to soon forget Where the road was loud and the walls were high.

And often he thought in his lonely nook, When his muscling ached and his heart was sad, Of the little old town with its sleepy look, Where the streets were wide and the children glad, And often he thought of the peace out there, And often he wondered if, after all, The people were wanting the seasons where The days were long and rewards were small.

He had thought of a glorious day of days When he would return to the little old town, And listen to those who would give him praise, For his proud success and his wide renown, And tomorrow he will be traveling back, No more to care and no more to seek, For the glory the little old town may lack.

To lie and rest where his parents lie.

PREPARED.

"So you are all ready to go to housekeeping?"

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Younglove. "Charley's friends at the office have made him a present of a beautiful alarm clock and I have a splendid nickel-plated chafing dish."

Queer Girl.

"By George! Here's the funniest thing I ever heard of. A young man who was inclined to be decent and a fellow who had a hard reputation fought over a young woman, after which she married the decent one."

"Why shouldn't she?"

"Of course, that's just what she should have done, but the other fellow won the fight."

Prepared.

"They say Murchison, who, as you will perhaps remember, secured an appointment to a consular position a year or two ago, has married a deaf and dumb lady."

Cause and Effect.

"So you parted never to meet again?"

"Yes."

"And what happened then?"

"He kissed me good-by."

"Ah! When are you to be married?"

A Novels at the Business.

"I suppose you had a perfectly lovely time at Wexford's house party?"

"No, it was a fizzle. Mrs. Wexford has so little tact, she was always arranging it so that the men would have to pair off with their own wives."

Random Guess.

"Why is it that most married women are inclined to frown upon the woman who has been divorced?"

"I think it is because they condemn her for being too weak to go on offering and pretending to like it."

The ONLOOKER
HENRY HOWLAND

The JOURNEY HOME



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Libby's Luncheon Delicacies

Print that, don't waste this, Libby's Luncheon and with a choice favor that you will remember. Vicious Libby's—just right for food, as you can see. Try them, and you'll like them. Libby's Luncheon—just right for food, as you can see. Try them, and you'll like them. Libby's Luncheon—just right for food, as you can see. Try them, and you'll like them.



Saskatchewan

Your Opportunity is NOW

In the Province of Saskatchewan, Western Canada.

Do you desire to get a free homestead of 160 acres? Write to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, Canada.

The area of land available is limited. Write to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, Canada.

From Homesteading land in the Northwest, Saskatchewan, Canada. Write to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, Canada.

Boy's View of Policemen.

A boy's view of policemen is thus quaint